DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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A PEEP INTO CHINA.

A steamer has just anchored in the harbor of Hong-Kong, a small island under British control on the south coast of China. While the passengers are hurrying to and fro in search of their baggage which is being bundled pell mell from the hold, from every side of the huge vessel rise the yells and imprecations of a hundred boatmen, and immediately after the ladder is let down there scramble over the side a number of petty traders arrayed in straw hats, long white cotton or silk jackets which reach to the knees, dark blue breeches, white cotton leggings, and embroidered shoes with thick flat soles. To your surprise one accosts you familiarly as captain and says with a look of recognition, "Tsing! Tsing! too muchee long tim my no hab see you!" This is the pidgin English for "I greet you! it is a long time since I have seen you." It is no use telling the fellow he is mistaken, as you have only arrived for the first time in China. He will reply, "Ah, my sabby your brother, you alla same large focie mun; he blay my good flin;" or "Ah, I understand, I know your brother, you have the same broad benevolent face as he who was my friend."

The Chinese seem to have a notion that England is a small outside settlement on the borders of the Chinese Empire and that Englishmen all are related to or know each other.

Let us leave the vessel and take a jaunt through Hong-Kong. Of course we will enter a sedan chair. We must separate, for a chair will hold but one. It is made of bamboo, roofed over with oil cloth and is carried on two long poles that rest on the shoulders of the bearers. This mode of conveyance is rather pleasant and affords a good opportunity to the sight seer; but if of a sensitive sentiment he is apt to feel compassion for the men who bear him through the hot dusty streets.

We have not time minutely to examine all the novel and curious things that meet us at every step; but here is one we cannot overlook—the fishmonger's stall in the market place. This establishment consists of an arrangement of tanks, or aquariums, filled with clear running water, and teeming with living sea or river fish, for the most part reared in the Canton fish-breeding ponds and brought to market in water-boats. The purchaser stands over the tank, selects some finny occupant which takes his fancy, and this is immediately caught and supplied to him. The fresh water fish outshine any seen in America, revelling in the most beautiful and varied colors, blue, green, red, yellow, mottled, striped or spotted, and there are others plain and uniform in tint, no less curious in form.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

Now let us leave our sedans for a few minutes and ascend the narrow stair case to the show-room of Ating, a Chinese photographer. At his doorway and again in his show-room there is a large display of representations of men and women, some looking as if they had been tossed against the wall and caught in a moment of intense excitement and alarm, others with their heads to all appearance spiked on the iron rest; while, as far as the natives were concerned, the majority wore the Buddhistic expression of stolid indifference, and were seated all of them in full front, with limbs forming a series of equal angles to the right and left. A Chinaman will not suffer himself, if he can avoid it, to be posed so as to produce a profile or three-quarter face, his reason being that the portrait must show him to be possessed of two eyes and two ears, and that his round face is perfect as the full moon.

But Ating's genius is not confined to photographing merely. The walls of his studio are adorned with paintings in oil, and at one extremity of the apartment a number of artists are at work producing large colored pictures from small imperfect photographs. The proprietor has an assistant who scours the post in search of patrons amongst the foreign sailors. One of these, say, anxious to carry home a souvenir of his visit, supplies a small photograph of Poll, Dolly or Susan and orders a large copy to be executed in oils. The whole is to be finished, framed and delivered within two days and is not to exceed the contract price of four dollars. The work in this painting shop, like many things Chinese, is so divided as to afford the maximum of profit for the minimum of labor. Thus there is one artist who sketches, another who paints the human face, a third who does the hands, and a fourth who fills in the costume and accessories. Polly is placed upon the celestial limner's easel, an honor, poor girl, she little dreamt of, and is then covered with a glass bearing the lines and squares which solve the problem of proportion in the enlarged work. A strange being the artist looks; he has just roused himself from a long sleep, and his clothes are redolent of the fumes of opium. He peers through his huge spectacles into poor Polly's eyes, and measures out her fair proportions as he transfers them to his canvas. Then she is passed from hand to hand until, at last, every detail of her features and dress has been reproduced on the canvas with a pre-Raphaelite exactitude, and a glow of color added to the whole which far surpasses nature. But let us examine the finished work. The dress is sky-blue, flounced with green! Chains of the brightest gold adorn the neck. There are bracelets on the arms, and rings on the fingers gleaming with gems. The hair is pitchy black, the skin pearly white, the cheeks of vermilion, and the lips of carmine. As for the dress, it shows neither spot nor wrinkle, and is as taut, Jack will say, as the carved robes of a figure head. On a very square table by the side of this brilliant beauty stands a vase, filled with flowers that glow with all the brilliant hues of native art. Surely all this will please the lover, and indeed it does. John Chinaman, he declares, made more of the lass than even he thought possible, and there is a greater show of color within the frame than he ever beheld before. He proudly hangs the picture above his bunk, but still, at times, he has his grave misgivings about the small hands and feet, and about the rainbow hued sailor's goddess into which Poll has been transformed.

Let us leave this interesting establishment and Hong-Kong, and in imagination transport ourselves to the northern border of China, which is marked by that wonderful work commonly known as the great wall, or in the Chinese tongue *wan-li-chang* (myriad mile wall). This wall, which is some 1,250 miles long, was commenced by the Emperor Tsin-chi about 220 years before the birth of Christ, and is said to have been completed in ten years. Every sixth man in China was obliged to engage in its erection or send a substitute. At the present day it is simply a geographical boundary, and except at the passes—where taxes are levied on merchandise passing through—nothing is done to keep it in repair.

Temperance Department.

"THREE SHEETS IN THE WIND."

H.M.S. "Circe" had just been paid off, and the streets of one of our largest seaport towns were full of sailors, each man with the savings accumulated during four years' service on a foreign station. In addition to the sailors—sunburnt, healthy, and full of animal spirits at being once more on shore, free to do as they liked for the time—there was a number of vultures, male and female, bent upon plundering poor Jack, who is too ready to take every man he meets for an honest friend.

What a contrast between the noble-looking seamen and the base, depraved, pallid, unwholesome harpies who hung at their elbows, inviting them to scenes of drunken merriment! How such men and women could get so many to listen to them, it is difficult to say, but a great number did hearken to their solicitations, and went away to spend, in a few brief hours of ghastly merriment, the earnings and savings of months and years.

A few refused to listen, and the number of those who do so now is, thank God, increasing day by day; and there were also some waverers, who halted, undecided whether to heed or pass on. Among these were two young fellows, the eldest of whom might be about twenty-five years of age, and the other two years his junior. Both were tall and good-looking, manly fellows, and it was easy to see that they were fast friends. In close attendance upon them was a man of low stature, with a back bent with the loafer and idler's curve. His face was mean and crafty, and his clothes old and dirty.

"Come, my lads," he said; "have an hour's fun before you go home to your mammy. "I've got the best fiddler to be had for money, and can find you partners who will foot it merrily. Every true man, that's got the grit of half a sailor, comes to 'The Polly Ann.'"

"What do you say, Tom," said the youngest—"only for half an hour?"

"No, no, Jack; it won't do," replied the other. "You will only get three sheets in the wind,* and then mischief often follows."

"It's a poor creature that can't take a drop without making a beast of himself," said the "crimp" at their side. "At 'The Polly Ann' you need not drink at all unless you like; and you can foot it all night, if you want to, for sixpence. I can promise you that you won't be kept waiting for partners."

"Our train doesn't go for an hour," said the younger, "and we can get to the station in twenty minutes."

"Where are you going to?" asked the rascally crimp.

"To Wantage," replied the younger.

"There are two more trains to-night," said the man; "you are right enough even if you miss it."

"No, he is not," replied the elder; and drawing his companion aside, he whispered hurriedly in his ear, "Don't stop! What would Jenny think of you if she knew it, and what would the people of Wantage say if they heard that Tom Darrell, homeward bound to be married to as good a girl as ever lived, stopped to put in at a port like this fellow speaks of?"

"What makes you so very mighty particular all of a sudden, Jack Turner?" replied Tom.

"Well," said Jack, "I've been thinking of the drinking and rioting which always follows a ship being paid off, and am certain it brings nothing but ruin. Don't stop, Tom."

"Only for half an hour."

"Come and look at 'The Polly Ann,'" put in the crimp; "and if you don't like the place, go away."

"That's fair enough," said Tom. "We have plenty of time for that."

"I'll warrant you'll find a score of your messmates there already," said the crimp.

"Now, Jack, I promise to come away if you don't like the place," said Tom Darrell.

*A sailor term for getting drunk.

"Well," said Jack, reluctantly, "I'll go round with you, but no good ever did come out of such dens. Heave ahead, Tom, and we shall yet be in time for our train."

The crimp led the way down a narrow street into a still narrower turning, where a time-discolored signboard, the sound of a fiddle, and a cluster of Jack-tars around a door proclaimed "The Polly Ann."

Once in the neighborhood of the place, escape was difficult. Crimps, and creatures who bore the form of women only, and old shipmates crowded round the two young men, and fairly hustled them into the dancing-room of "The Polly Ann," where drinking, dancing, and coarse merriment were going on.

"Don't drink here," whispered Jack Turner, hurriedly, in his friend's ear, "and I'll get you out by-and-by."

Tom nodded carelessly, meaning, in his light way, to keep from drink. But half a dozen glasses of the fiery compound sold at these places of infamy under the various guises of gin, rum, and brandy, were held out in the hands of as many old friends, and refusal seemed impossible. In a few seconds the drink had run through his veins and got hold of him, and Jack, with dismay and grief, saw him stand up with a coarse, gaudily-dressed woman to dance.

The dance went on. Jack went over and tried to draw his friend away; but the woman had got hold of him now, and was claiming "a drink" for the dance she had favored him with.

"It's only right, you know," said Tom, with an appealing look at his friend.

"And you must drink with me," insisted the woman.

"Only one glass then," said Tom, "for I must be off. My train goes directly."

The woman, with a crooked finger, summoned the man who had lured the two young sailors into the net, over to her side, and, with a meaning look, asked for "two glasses of rum, hot."

"And what will you take, master?" he asked, turning to Jack.

"Nothing, thank you," replied Jack, stoutly. "I've made up my mind to drink no more."

"Then you ought to be at a temperance-hall, drinking tea with your mother," said the fellow, with a savage sneer.

"I should have nothing to be ashamed of then. I am disgusted with myself for being in such a den," replied Jack, quickly.

"Hard words to use in a respectable, well-conducted house like 'The Polly Ann,'" whined the crimp. "But since you are so consarnedly pertikler, you can go, and leave your friend to enjoy himself."

"No," said Jack, "I will not do that;" and turning to Tom, he continued, "Come away, Tom, do! Pay for the drink and leave it."

But Tom would not do this, and stayed to drink a glass specially brewed for him. He was not drugged, or "hocussed," as it is called, but only "stimulated."

The bird was snared and safely caged now; and Jack, with an aching heart, saw it. The riotous scene went on—drink, music, dancing, coarse jesting, and at last a fight.

This no sooner began than the crimp and his associates danced about the fighting men, calling upon them to desist, but did nothing else for awhile toward stopping it. Suddenly the band of rascals rushed in, and Jack, who was coming to his friend's aid, saw Tom's handkerchief in the crimp's hand, just in time to make a bound and snatch it from him.

The rioting now became general, and there were cries for the police. A rush was made for the door. Jack was borne out by the rush, down the passage into the street.

Jack, all anxiety for his friend, leaped upon the window-sill with a sailor's agility, bent upon getting into the room. He was just in time to see one of his shipmates fall with a wound in his side, dealt by the crimp, who was brandishing a knife about, and foaming at the mouth like a wild beast.

"Murder!" cried the man, as he fell, and the cry was at once taken up in the street. People poured out of the other dens on either side, and in a few moments some policemen pressed along and forced a way into the house.

In the confusion of the scene Jack lost sight of his friend, nor did he see the man who was charged with the crime brought out of the house; but he had seen the blow struck, and wending his way along the crowded streets to the station-house, presented himself before the door.

"I saw the blow struck!" said Jack, panting with the exertion he had made.

"Then leave your name and address and come to-morrow to the police-court," was the reply of the police-sergeant.

Jack paused a moment to think what he should do. He had seen the blow dealt, and it was his duty to remain. Besides, he had to go back and look after his friend Tom. Calling to mind a temperance coffee-house he had seen in the main street, he gave that as his address, and hastened away.

The man who had been struck down was not yet dead—that much Jack learnt on his way back. But he could gain no news of his friend from any one. As for getting near "The Polly Ann," the street was so blocked that he found it impossible to do so for an hour.

When at last he succeeded in getting to the spot, to his amazement he saw there was the crimp who had struck the blow, talking and laughing with some boon companions at the door. Turning to a man by his side, he hastily asked him who had been arrested.

"A young sailor," he said—"a fair-haired young fellow; and the case is clear against him. They have found his knife covered with blood. He looked dazed-like, and I should say he was three sheets in the wind."

With the dreadful thought, "Can it be Tom who is arrested?" he hurried to the station, and was this time taken into the superintendent's office, where he repeated his story.

"It is a strange account," said the superintendent; "but you at least are clear-headed. All the other witnesses appear to be 'three sheets in the wind.'"

Jack next asked for an interview with the prisoner, and it proved to be indeed Tom Darrell, but so utterly dazed by drink that he could only speak to his friend in broken, incoherent sentences. The time allowed for an interview over, Jack sought a bed at the coffee-house, only to pass a sleepless night.

Meanwhile, the crimp, who, it appeared, was landlord of "The Polly Ann," had been arrested as James Black, and next morning he and Tom were put into the dock together.

Jack Turner was one of the first witnesses. The superintendent took care for him to be so, as he had an intelligible account of the affair to give. He stated clearly how the combatants were stationed, and in what way the blow was struck, though the one thing he could not explain was how "Black Jem," as James Black was called, became possessed of Tom Darrell's knife.

"I remember now," said Tom, suddenly looking up—"it was before I was 'three sheets in the wind.' He borrowed it of me to cut the string of a soda-water bottle."

"I gave it back to you," replied Black Jem. "I declare I did! Poll Green can prove it."

The other witnesses to the crime—which was now one of murder, for the unfortunate man who had been stabbed had only survived a few hours—were all very uncertain as to what had taken place. They all confessed to being "three sheets in the wind," except Poll Green, a flaunting woman, in a bright green silk dress, who, as she gave her evidence, seemed to treat the occasion as a rare holiday that might never occur again.

And now there came other witnesses, who declared they saw a knife like the one produced in the crimp's hands just before the murder. "He was using it in the bar to cut up some paper for pipe-lights," said one witness; "and said he never bought a knife, as when he was in want of one he borrowed it of some sailor who was 'three sheets in the wind,' and kept it."

In the end Tom Darrell was discharged, but he had a narrow escape, and the magistrate gave him a long lecture on the evils of drink and of the ruinous associations of bad company. It was all very good and very true, but that same magistrate was one of many who, a few months before, had sanctioned the licensing of "The Polly Ann."

Tom once discharged, hurried out to join Jack Turner, who had signed the depositions and was released from attendance, while Black Jem, the crimp, was committed for trial.

When the two friends met, they stood awhile in silence, with their hands clasped—one rejoicing over his escape, and the other full of joy at being the means of saving him.

"Jack," said Tom, at last, "what would have become of me if you had been 'three sheets in the wind'? I could have denied nothing, for I knew nothing; and they would have hanged me."

"Don't think of it," replied Jack, "except in thankfulness to God. But think how many through drink become hopelessly involved in ruin. You remember Bill Stevens?"

"Yes," said Tom; "he was 'three sheets in the wind,' and fell off the cross-trees and was killed by the fall. And there was Captain Grey; you and I have served under him. He ran his ship ashore, and was dismissed the service in disgrace. He admitted being 'three sheets in the wind,' and that was his ruin."

"Well," said Jack, after a pause, "come and let us sign the temperance pledge together, and ask God's help that we may never touch another drop of the poison."

"I will, with all my heart," replied Tom; "and I'll work among my messmates to bring them to our way of thinking."

"Let us be off to the railway-station now," returned Jack. "We are a day late, but better late than never."

"Well, you see," said Tom, with a confused look, "I was thinking of going aboard some ship at once, for—for I've somehow lost all my money."

Jack, with a quiet smile, pulled out a handkerchief from his pocket with a knot at one end of it. "Do you know that, Tom?" he said.

Tom's heart was too full to speak. There was his money safe and sound, saved by his friend through not being "three sheets in the wind." A wiser man, and a sadder man, he went home; and there, in the presence of his mother and sweetheart, told his story, and repeated his promise of amendment. "You must be pledged," broke in Jack; "and I know you too well to think you will break your word."

It was a happy evening for all, and would have been entirely so to Tom but for the memory of the past night, which would crop up, and make him shudder from head to foot.

To this day he is thankful for that merciful escape. He trusts not to his keeping the temperance pledge either for forgiveness or the hope of entering the presence of the King, but declares:

> "My hope is built on nothing less
> Than Jesus' blood and righteousness."

Tom is now on his last voyage, and intends, on his return, to marry Jenny, and take a small business in the village. Jack has determined to remain a bachelor, and work at sea; doing his duty faithfully and steadily; and trying to win others to Christ, and to a life of sobriety.

Black Jem was tried for murder, but a merciful jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter, and he was sentenced to penal servitude for life. "The Polly Ann" knows him no more; but what of that? "The Polly Ann" still stands, and another as black as he works ruin among our gallant seamen.

Sailors of Old England! hear what I have to say of these places. The legislature licenses houses for your ruin, but you can do much to shut them up. Keep away; give up drink. Look upon being "three sheets in the wind" as a degrading and disgusting state, leading sooner or later to ruin, both of body and soul, for time and eternity. Shun drink as you would the pestilence. Yellow Jack, the dread of all sailors, cannot claim one-hundredth part of the victims that alcohol can.—*British Workman.*

NEITHER ILL NOR THIRSTY.—A man of temperate habits was once dining at the house of a free drinker. No sooner was the cloth removed from the dinner-table than wine and spirits were produced, and he was asked to take a glass of spirits and water. "No, thank you," said he, "I am not ill." "Take a glass of wine, then," said his host, "or a glass of ale." "No, thank you," said he, "I am not thirsty." These answers produced a loud burst of laughter. Soon after this, the temperate man took a piece of bread from the sideboard, and handed it to his host, who refused it, saying that he was not hungry. At this the temperate man laughed in his turn. "Surely," said he, "I have as much reason to laugh at you for not eating when you are not hungry, as you have to laugh at me for declining medicine when not ill, and drink when I am not thirsty."—*Morning Star.*

Agricultural Department.

BUYING PLANTS.

Having prepared and enriched our ground, we are ready for the plants. The kinds and quantities we desire are often not to be found in our vicinity. In private gardens, moreover, even if our neighbors are liberal and have the plants to spare, names and varieties are usually in a tangle. We must go to the nurseryman. At this point, perhaps, a brief appeal to the reader's common sense may save much subsequent loss and disappointment.

In most of our purchases, we see the article before we take it, and can estimate its value. Just the reverse is usually true of plants. We know—or believe—that certain varieties are valuable, and we order them from a distance, paying in advance. When received, the most experienced cannot be sure that the plants are true to the names they bear. We must plant them in our carefully prepared land, expend upon them money, labor, and, above all, months and years of our brief lives, only to learn, perhaps, that the varieties are not what we ordered, and that we have wasted everything on a worthless kind. The importance of starting right, therefore, can scarcely be overestimated. It is always best to buy of men who, in the main, grow their own stock, and therefore know about it, and who have established a reputation for integrity and accuracy. The itinerant agent flits from Maine to California, and too often the marvellous portraits of fruits that he exhibits do not even resemble the varieties whose names they bear. It is best to buy of those who have a "local habitation and a name," and then, if anything is wrong, one knows where to look for redress.

Even if one wishes to be accurate, it is difficult to know that one's stock is absolutely pure and true to name. The evil of mixed plants is more often perpetuated in the following innocent manner than by any intentional deception: For instance, one buys from a trustworthy source, as he supposes, a thousand "Monarch" strawberry plants, and sets them out in the spring. All blossoms should be picked off the first year, and, therefore, there can be no fruit as a test of purity that season. But by fall there are many thousands of young plants. The grower naturally says: "I bought these for Monarch, therefore they are Monarch," and he sells many plants as such. When coming into fruit the second summer, he finds, however, that not one in twenty is a Monarch plant. As an honest man he now digs them under in disgust; but the mischief has already been done, and scattered throughout the country are thousands of mixed plants which multiply with the vigor of evil. Nurserymen should never take varieties for granted, no matter where obtained. I endeavor to so train my eye that I can detect the distinguishing marks even in the foliage and blossoms, and if anything looks suspicious I root it out.

If possible, the nurseryman should start with plants that he knows to be genuine, and propagate from them. Then by constant and personal vigilance he can maintain a stock that will not be productive chiefly of profanity when coming into fruit.

It is not thrift to save in the first cost of plants, if thereby the risk of obtaining poor, mixed varieties is increased. I do not care to save five dollars to-day and lose fifty by the operation within a year. A gentleman wrote to me: "I have been outrageously cheated in buying plants." On the same page he asked me to furnish stock at rates as absurdly low as those of the man who cheated him. If one insists on having an article at far less than the cost of production, it is not strange that he finds some who will "cheat him outrageously." I find it by far the cheapest in the long run to go to the most trustworthy sources and pay the grower a price which enables him to give me just what I want.

When plants are both fine and genuine they can still be spoiled or, at least, injured in transit from the ground where they grew. Dig so as to save all the roots, shake these clean of earth, straighten them out, and tie the plants into bundles of fifty. Pack in boxes, with the roots down in moss and the tops exposed to the air. Do not press them in too tightly or make them too wet, or else the plants become heated—a process which speedily robs them of all vitality. In cool seasons, and when the distance is not too great, plants can be shipped in barrels thickly perforated with holes. The tops should be toward the sides and the roots in the centre, down through which there should be a circulation of air. In every case envelop the roots in damp moss or leaves—damp, but not wet. Plants can be sent by mail at the rate of one cent per ounce. Those sent out in this way rarely fail in doing well.

The greater part of the counting and packing of plants should be done in a cellar, in order to prevent the little fibrous roots, on which the future growth so greatly depends, from becoming shrivelled. The best part of the roots are extremely sensitive to sunlight or frost, and, worse than all, to a cold, dry wind. Therefore, have the plants gathered up as fast as they are dug and carried to a damp, cool place where the temperature varies but little. From such a place they can be packed and shipped with the leisure that insures careful work.—*G. P. Roe, in Scribner's Monthly.*

CULTIVATION OF ORCHARDS.

S. G. Minkler at a meeting of the Horticultural Society of Northern Illinois, said the apple, that was once considered a luxury, has become one of the necessaries of life as food, and when freely used is conducive to health as well as comfort.

In planting an orchard, the first thing to be taken into consideration is the site. The orchard, of course, should be near the dwelling; but if the ground near the dwelling is not suitable, and cannot be made so by draining, it would be advisable to choose a site more remote from the dwelling. The land should be dry; if not naturally so, should be made so by draining or ridging, for apple-trees will not endure wet feet.

Exposure.—I prefer a northern exposure to a southern one, for this reason, that when we have early and late frosts, the wind, of course, is in the north, consequently the frost settles on the southern slope, because it is still there; choose the highest ground on the farm.

Preparing the Ground.—The ground should be in good tilth, as for corn, and if plowed deeper all the better, even if trench plowed. The proper distance to set trees is twenty-eight to thirty-two feet; roots spread as well as the top. I have trees set that distance and the branches have long since kissed each other.

Digging the Holes.—Did I say digging the holes? The holes should be the size of the orchard; *i. e.*, the ground should be made mellow as deep as the roots are to go; trees should be set four inches deeper than they stood in the nursery, for the reason that the ground settles and the trees do not.

Selecting the Trees.—Do not be governed by the usual palaver (five to seven feet) as used by the tree peddlers; but select good stocky four or five-years-old trees, with trunks four and five feet, with branches evenly distributed on all sides; avoid crotches or forks. Go to your nearest nurseryman, if he is reliable, and if you can have your choice in the trees for a few cents addition to price all the better for you. In setting trees, always range your stakes not by the trees you have set; if you do you will be sure to go crooked. In setting, be careful to have no vacancies about the roots; use your hands freely, then pack the earth well around the roots, yea, stamp it well and finish with loose soil, then mulch; this is indispensable; it consists of utilizing any old straw or stack bottom, if half rotten all the better; this should be four inches deep and reach out three feet each way around the tree. The object is to retain the moisture in the ground. The next thing is to stake the trees; this is done by driving the stake on the southwest side of the tree, one foot from the tree, then take your straw band, twisted hard, put it around the tree, then put the strands together, twist again, then part the strands and tie around the stake. I should have said above, to lean the tree in setting a little to the one o'clock sun, also put your heaviest branches on that side; the object in staking and leaning the tree is to prevent too much exposure of the trunk to the sun. If your trees get to leaning that way, the sun will surely scald the bark on the southwest side, and your tree is gone; as soon as you get the branches to shade the trunk you are safe.

Varieties.—Be careful not to get too many varieties, say about four summer, four fall and six or eight winter, and this would be too many if you were sure they would bear each year. I will not name the varieties, for you are to be governed altogether by your locality.

Cultivation.—The orchard should be cultivated at least eight years, or till it comes well into bearing in any hoed crop, or sown to buckwheat and let it fall back on the ground; care should be taken not to plow too near, or too deep near the trees; when you seed use red clover. It is advisable to shorten in the branches two-thirds the last year's growth, for the reason that the tree has lost roots in being taken up, and that equalizes the top and root.

TURKEY HATCHING.

It is incomprehensible that we do not adopt the French system of employing turkeys in the hatching business, since these birds have an extraordinary aptitude for it, and will sit contentedly month after month, bringing forth brood after brood—as many as five consecutive hatchings by the same bird not being by any means a rare occurrence,—without suffering in the least from their exertions. Even so late as the month of October, we have in more than one instance seen fifty turkeys thus engaged at one time, their owners telling us that had it been in spring we should have found the number four or five times as great. And each of these turkeys was hatching *de commande*, the brood being destined for some special person. The birds were all healthy-looking, and in good condition, and as soon as their work is over would be fattened and taken to market, new ones being purchased at the ensuing season, unless some one of them should be so exceptionally good a mother as to make it worth while to keep her during the months of idleness; for it is a great point of economy to maintain as few stock birds as possible, and merely to buy eggs and brooding fowls when needed from those whose business it is to supply them.

The turkey mother when fattened fetches quite as much as was originally given for her, and therefore has cost for the time of incubation nothing more than her keep, and whatever it may have taken during three weeks to put her into condition. All this is most accurately calculated, and the *fermiere* knows exactly what she is about. Sixty-five centimes will, it is said, feed the turkey during each hatching, and it will take one franc seventy-five centimes more to make her ready for the market; and as it is only necessary during incubation to attend to her once a day, the process does not interfere with any other avocations, or require any of that close attention, failure in which is perfectly fatal in the case of the artificial process.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

The *Germantown Telegraph*, speaking of fences and shingles, says that the decay of wood is not hastened by moisture alone, but by heat as well. Any black substance applied to wood, though it keeps out moisture, will attract heat to a destructive degree. A fence tarred and exposed to the sun soon crumbles away, while a whitewashed fence will outlast it for years. The white color turns away rather than attracts heat, although every rain washes through it, thus showing that heat is the destructive element to contend against.

As the result of many and apparently carefully conducted experiments, Kirchner arrives at the conclusion that the cream of milk deposited in tin pans rises better than that of milk placed in wooden vessels. It has also been found that usually a larger yield of butter is obtained when the milk is cooled by means of ice than when the milk is allowed to assume the desired temperature under ordinary atmospheric influences.

Fowls should always have some hard coal screenings placed within their reach. Feed occasionally a few oats. Always keep some old iron in the drinking water; give all the out-door exercise you possibly can; even chase them round a little. Place plenty of straw for them to scratch among for exercise. Throw some small grain among this to encourage scratching.

DOMESTIC.

Baked Beets.—These excellent vegetables are quite as good baked as boiled, and the sugar is better developed by the baking process. The oven should not be too hot, and the beets must be frequently turned, Do not peel them until they are cooked, then serve with butter, pepper and salt.

Omelet.—Twelve eggs, twelve tablespoonfuls of fresh milk, one lump of butter the size of an egg, pepper and salt to the taste. Beat up your eggs thoroughly, whites and yolks separately; add the milk, pepper, and salt to the yolks, and then beat in the whites. Put the butter into the pan, and, when melted, pour in the eggs. Do not stir them, but let them brown. When the eggs are cooked, fold over the omelet, and let its own heat cook the inside.

Buckwheat Cakes.—The best buckwheat cakes are made with an addition of corn-meal flour and oat-meal flour to the buckwheat, in this proportion: Six cupfuls of buckwheat, three cupfuls of oat-meal flour, or if this cannot be obtained, substitute Graham flour in its place, and one cupful of corn-meal flour; to this add a dessert-spoon evenly filled with salt, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, and luke-warm water sufficient to form a batter. Raise over night with yeast.

A Plum-Pudding (plain, but good).—One pound of raisins, one pound of currants, half a pound of citron, four tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, a teacupful of sour milk or buttermilk. Sift the soda into the flour as for biscuits, and rub in first the butter, then the fruit. Thin it with the eggs and sour milk until it is the consistency of fruit-cake batter. Tie up in a thick cotton cloth, scalded and floured, and boil for four hours. This pudding may be made with only one sort of fruit. Many prefer simply raisins instead of the above combination.

Fish requires great care in boiling. Small fish should be put into cold water, large fish, such as salmon, into hot, with salt and a tablespoonful of vinegar to every quart of water. You can tell whether it is sufficiently done by inserting the blade of a knife in the back of it; if it leaves the bone it is cooked. Fish should boil slowly. If you have no fish kettle, put a plate on a square of thin muslin, lay the fish on the plate and tie the muslin by the four corners, and put plate and all into a sauce-pan. You can then lift the fish from the water without breaking.

Beef Tea.—Cut up lean beef in small pieces, raw, pour over it an equal weight of cold water, and let it stand three hours. Then pour off and set aside this water, and pour over the beef the same quantity of warm water, and let this stand three hours. Finally, pour together with the beef into a tin boiler with close cover the two waters and a third equal portion of hot water, and let it cook slowly for three hours. Then pour off the tea, and keep it in a cool place. Stir before using, and season to the taste with salt and pepper. Eat hot or cold. N. B.—One pound of water is very nearly one pint.

Don't Pound Your Steak.—We hear a great deal about that "abomination called fried steak." I will tell you how to make tough steak tender, and how to fry it so that it will be juicy. Do not pound it either with a rolling-pin or a potato-masher, or even with that jagged piece of metal or crockery-ware which house-furnishing dealers will try to delude you into buying. If you do pound it, you will only batter its fibres and let out all its juices. Pour into the bottom of a dish three tablespoonfuls each of vinegar and salad oil, sprinkle on them half a saltspoonful of pepper (and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, if you have it). Do not use any salt. The action of the oil and vinegar will be to soften and disintegrate the tough fibres of the meat, without drawing out its juices. The salt would do that most effectually and harden the fibres beside. You may add a teaspoonful of chopped onion if you like its flavor. Lay the steak on the oil and vinegar for three or four hours, turning it over every half hour and then *saute*, or half-fry it quickly; season it with salt after it is cooked, and serve it with a very little fresh butter, or with the gravy from the frying-pan. If you follow these directions and do not try to improve upon them, you can have tender steaks hereafter at will.—*Golden Rule.*

A THORNY PATH.

(By Hesba Stretton, author of "Jessica's First Prayer," Etc.)

CHAPTER XVI.—*(Continued.)*

It came to pass at last that it seemed as if he could not get any work to do. When an errand-boy was wanted, busy people shook their heads at him, and chose somebody else. If a small burden was entrusted to him, eager as he was to carry it, he would stagger under the weight along the pavements, and be scarcely able to make his way through the throng of passers-by. To earn money was becoming so difficult as to be almost impossible.

One day as he went to fetch Dot away, after having left her in charge of a friendly apple-woman, who had her stall against the Tower railings, he overheard her say to another woman near by, as he moved languidly away, "Poor lad, he isn't long for this world!" Don turned back, with his sunken face, and wasted, weary limbs.

"Is it me, missis?" he asked.

"What?" said the woman.

"Me as isn't long for this world?" he repeated.

"Oh, dear me!" she answered, cheerily, "that doesn't mean much to be feared of."

"I don't know whatever 'ud become of little Dot," he said, wistfully.

But though he tried to believe it could not be himself they were speaking of, he was not deceived. He dragged his feeble steps along, with Dot dancing and jumping beside him, till they reached a quieter spot in one of the narrow streets near at hand, and then he sat down to think. He did not feel as if anything ailed him, except that he was very weary, and he longed to lie down and sleep once again on his old mattress in Mrs. Clack's store-room. He was never hungry now. He could go without food longer, much longer, than he could two months ago, and feel no gnawing or craving for it. The very smell of bread in the baker's shop seemed to satisfy him. Yet he could not altogether be sure that the women were wrong. He could feel all his bones in his wasted limbs; and his clothes, the man's suit he was so proud of, hung upon him as if he were a skeleton. People died of starvation sometimes; but surely this ailment of his, if he was ailing, could not be starvation, it had come on so slowly. But suppose it should be true that he was not long for this world!

Don buried his face in his hands, to shut out all other impressions except the painful thought that possessed him. If he should die, what would become of little Dot? There would be no home for her, no friend, no lot but that of the dreaded workhouse, from which he had striven so hard to save her. That was a very bitter thought. And if he died he should die because he had tried to save her. That was still more bitter. To die, failing to do what you have given your life for—could any sorrow be like that sorrow? Don was overwhelmed; himself dead, and little Dot a workhouse girl—that was what lay before them.

Then into his troubled heart there came a deep, resistless longing to visit once more the haunts of bygone days when he had been strong and happy. He knew no more why he wished to see again the place where his friend Mrs. Clack had given him a home, than the swallow knows why it seeks again the eaves where it built its nest last year. For a little while, as he sat there motionless, seeing and hearing nothing, he lived over again the old times, until he almost forgot his weariness and weakness. But Dot roused him before long from his reverie. It was too late to start on such a journey to-night; for it would take a long while to cross London at his pace, and he must give himself time for a rest by the way. But to-morrow he would go to Chelsea, and just look round at the old places once more; lest it should be too late, if it was true that he was not long for this world.

It was past the middle of January, and already the days were lengthening out a little, both at sunrise and sunset: but Don started off with Dot, whom he dared not leave behind him before the chilly, wintry dawn came. Even Dot had to set out without breakfast, for their last half-penny was spent, and no shop was open where they dared to go in, and beg for a morsel of bread. Now and then Don's head grew giddy, and his feet staggered under him; and he was compelled to take long rests, wherever he could find a resting-place in the busy thoroughfares they were passing through. He lay along one of the benches in the park for an hour or more, while Dot played about him, and strange and pleasant dreams thronged through his brain: dreams which brought a smile to his face, and laughter to his pale lips. He could not have put them into words, for Don knew very few words. But these dreams filled his mind with feelings as wonderful and beautiful as the sounds he had heard and the sights he had seen when he went up to St. Paul's to render his thanksgiving unto God.

At length the long and painful pilgrimage was over; and they had but to wait for the twilight to fall, before they could enter the mews where Mrs. Clack had been used to live. For Don was still full of fears and of vague hopes for Dot; and he was not willing to give her up to her enemies while there was any chance for her. It might not be true that he was going to be taken from her, and his strength would come again. He would not give up all for lost yet. He was merely going to creep into the old court, and have a last long look at the place; the only place in the world that had ever been anything like a home to him. Then he and Dot would face the cold and cruel world once more, until he conquered or was altogether crushed in the battle. Under the shadows of the dusk, which gathered early in the narrow mews, with tall houses all about it, Don crawled along the worn pavement to the well-known door, and sank down exhausted on the door-sill, hushing Dot, lest her voice should betray them. Oh! how often he had with a light heart crossed this sill! If Mrs. Clack could but come back from the grave where they had buried her, and be waiting for him and Dot, as she had so often done in those old times! He could hear a quiet footstep moving about in the room upstairs, as he had often heard hers; and by-and-by the gas was lit, and its little gleam of light shone out across the court, and into the darkness which hid them. Just as it had been in old times! He was right glad he had come, though the way had been toilsome, and he was worn out and weary. He would put Dot out of sight in an out-of-the-way corner he knew of; and then he would knock at the door, and ask who lived there now, if it was only to look up the old staircase again.

"Little Dot shall hide herself," he said, "and old Don 'll find her again in a minute."

He left the child; and with a throbbing heart, and a trembling hand, he rapped at the door, holding his breath to listen. There was a quiet step coming deliberately down the stairs, just like Mrs. Clack's; and the door opened, and there stood Mrs. Clack herself.

CHAP. XVII.—HOMEWARD.

Don stood speechless before Mrs. Clack, whilst his large, glistening eyes were fastened on her face, and his lips moved without uttering a word, as if she had been indeed one risen from the dead. He could scarcely believe that he saw aright, and he dared not stretch out his hand, even if he had possessed the strength, to touch her and make sure she was no vision.

Mrs. Clack's first feeling was one of great gladness, for she had mourned over Don, as one who had strayed away for a little while, possibly into bad ways, but who would come home at last, like the prodigal son driven by famine to his father's house. Here was Don back again, and she was full of joy, until, looking more closely into his pinched and shrunken face, with the temples falling into hollows, and the glassy eyes shining hungrily, as if he was starved to the very point of dying, a sudden shock of distress and terror ran through her.

"Why, Don!" she cried, catching both of his wasted hands in her own, "Don, my boy! where have you been so long?"

"They told me as you were dead, dead of the fever, and buried," he gasped, his heart throbbing more quickly than ever, and his breath almost failing him as he spoke.

"Who said I was dead?" she asked, in mingled grief and anger.

"It was Cripple Jack," he answered, leaning against the door post, and bursting into tears, "here in this very place, and I've been mournin' after you, and we've been wanderin' up and down anywhere, without a place to shelter us, when you were here all the while!"

"Come in, Don," she said, urgently, "come in at once. I'm not dead, and there's a home for you, and you shall tell me all about it when you've had something to eat."

"But there's little Dot," he replied, raising himself up, and turning away feebly to fetch her.

"Oh, she's lost," said Mrs. Clack in a mournful voice; "Peggy lost her the very day before I came home from my holiday in the country, and she's never been heard of since."

"It was me as took her away," whispered Don; "she's been with me all along, and she's close by now. I'll go and fetch her."

But Dot had grown tired of being hid, and already she was running out to find Don, calling him loudly in her clear, childish voice. He was trembling too greatly to go to meet her, but Mrs. Clack ran to bring her in, trembling almost as much as Don for very joy. What would Hagar feel when she found the child? But Mrs. Clack's joy faded away as she watched how slowly and painfully, and with what difficult steps, Don climbed the steep staircase to the room above.

He sank down breathless and exhausted on his old seat by the fireside. Still it was with a happy smile that he looked around the room. It was exactly the same as in the old times; not a thing was altered. Mrs. Clack herself looked no older. Was it ten months since he had last seen them, or years instead of months? The tears dimmed his eyes a little as he gazed about him, and felt the comfort of the fire stealing through his numbed and weary frame. He could not speak, for his happiness was beyond words.

Mrs. Clack, too, was happy, though there was so terrible a change in Don. He was at home once more, and she could take care of him and nurse him well Then there was Hagar's happiness to think of, ay, and Abbott's Little Dot was standing close by Don, leaning half shyly against him, as she scrutinized Mrs.

Clack's strange face, and though she was not so rosy as she had been in the summer, she was yet healthy-looking, and her little hands and arms were plump and firm. She made Don's face seem still more pinched and hunger-bitten. His eyes met Mrs. Clack's as she stood gazing fixedly upon them both

"Cripple Jack told me as little Dot was to be taken to the work-house," he said, with a faint light breaking in his dim eyes, and with a smile playing on his face, "and I couldn't abear that. I couldn't leave her to go there, and I took her away with me. I've never forsook her, never! And now she'll never have to go there, never—never."

His voice failed him, but the smile did not pass away from his lips. He stroked little Dot's curls, feeling that never had there been such rest and satisfaction for him, after all his troubles and his fears.

"Don't you talk no more till I've got tea ready," said Mrs. Clack, "and then you shall tell me all, and I'll tell you all. There's lots to tell."

She made haste to prepare tea, and ran down to send Peggy for some new bread and a kippered herring, such as had been a rare feast for Don in former days. His eyes followed her restlessly wherever she moved about the room, as if he was afraid she would vanish out of his sight. And he was partly afraid. Was this a dream, or were the last ten months a dream? His brain felt too bewildered to answer the question.

But when the tea was poured out, and steamed fragrantly before him, and the food was heaped up on his plate, he could not swallow a mouthful. The mere effort seemed to choke and suffocate him. He was too tired to be hungry, he said, and he stretched himself on the earth, with his eyes still fastened upon Mrs. Clack and Dot as they sat at the table, listening to them, and laughing feebly once or twice when Dot began chattering gayly, as if she were quite at home. When the meal was over, and Mrs. Clack drew her chair up to the fire, with Dot upon her lap, he lay quietly on the hearth in great contentment, gazing up into the two faces which were dearest to him in all the world.

"Ay, I've lots to tell you," he said, with a half-sigh; "but I'm too tired now. And there's lots o' things I wanted to ask you, only I thought as you was dead You're a clever woman, Mrs. Clack, and you can tell. There's God—did He really send His Son out of Heaven, you know, to come here and live like us?"

"Ay. He did," answered Mrs. Clack, "only we're always forgettin' it, and goin' on as if it wasn't true. God loved us, and sent His Son Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ loved us, and came to save us."

THE KESTREL.

"Oh, is that true?" he asked, eagerly, half-raising himself from the floor; "did Jesus really come to save us, and to help us to be good? They told me so, but it was too good to be true. Is He the Son of Man that came to seek and to save them that are lost?"

"Yes," she answered solemnly, "it's all true. It was a hard thing for Him to do; but He never gave up. He lived like us; and then He finished by dying on the cross for our sakes. He's done all He could for us. He was so sorry for us that He couldn't leave us or forsake us, because He loved us."

"No, He couldn't forsake us," said Don, with a shining face, "I know it's true now. I couldn't never have forsook little Dot."

He asked no more of the questions he had longed to have answered, for the exertion of speaking was too great for him. But Mrs. Clack told him of her holiday in the country, with all its pleasant surprises and memories of her own childhood, and Don enjoyed them, remembering all the while the wonders of his own sojourn at the sea-side, which he would tell to her in return as soon as he was a little more rested. She went on to describe to him Hagar's heart-broken grief over her lost child, and the tears stood in his eyes again as he heard of it. He said how sorry he was that he had taken Dot away, yet he had done it to save her from a fate he dreaded, and Mrs. Clack laid her hand fondly on his head, and said, "God bless you, Don!"

"We'll start first thing in the morning," she said, "and take Dot to her mother. It's Sunday morning, too, and maybe Mr. Abbott's at home. Hagar was here last night, helping me to mend some gowns, and she told me as she is to be married to Mr. Abbott when Easter comes; but her heart's as heavy as can be for little Dot's sake, and she couldn't think she could ever be happy again, even with him. And, oh! Don, I'd like you to grow up to be a man like him! P'raps he'll get you a place on the railway, with settled work. I never thought there could be men like him; if he wasn't so strong and hearty I should be afraid he'd not be long for this world, as folks say."

"That's what folks said of me," remarked Don, "and I felt as if I couldn't die before seeing the old place; so me and Dot came off here at once."

"Are you ill, Don?" she asked, anxiously.

"Oh, no, only quite tired; I shall sleep well to-night, and it'll all be right in the morning. Everything is right now, and we'll take Dot to Mrs. Hagar. But it'll be very hard to part with my little gel."

(To be continued.)

—:o:—

THE KESTREL.

Some years ago the children at a Derbyshire rectory procured a young kestrel. When it was able to fly they gave it its liberty, but it never left the place, as it had become attached to them. In the spring of the following year his friends missed him for nearly a week, and thought he had been shot, but one morning it was seen soaring about with another of its species, which proved to be a female. They paired and laid several eggs in an old dove-cote, about a hundred yards from the rectory; but being disturbed that season by some white owls, the eggs were never hatched. The next spring he again brought a mate; they again built and reared a nest of young ones. Last year they did the same, but some mischievous boys took the young ones when just ready to fly. Though, in every respect, a wild bird as to his habits in the fields, he came every day to the nursery window, and when it was opened he would come into the room and perch upon the chairs or table, and sometimes upon the heads of the little ones, who always saved a piece of meat for him. His mate sometimes ventured to come within a yard or two of the house, to watch him when he came out of the room with his meat; she would then give chase, and try to make him drop it, both of them squealing and chattering in an amusing way.

The Family Circle.

OUR PRAYER.

When the Cross is heavy,
Be thou near.
When our eyes are weeping,
Dry each tear.
When the way is darksome,
Be our Light—
Though the gloom be midnight,
Cheer the night.
When the path is thorny,
Let us be
Patient in our suffering
Like to thee.

When the world looks sternly,
Smile benign—
Let us know so surely,
We are Thine.
And should want o'ertake us,
Let us see
Glimpses of the fulness
Stored in Thee.
In the parting hour
May we take
Hold of the hand once pierced
For our sake.

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A LITTLE MATTER.

BY H. ALLAN.

She had been singing all day like a skylark. Even the people next door noticed the blithe happiness of her voice, and said wonderingly, "What is the matter with Penelope Thornton, now?"

"How is it, Pen?" said her friend and confidante, Fanny Tassel, who had run in to borrow a book, "Yesterday you were as murky as a rain-cloud; but to-day, I heard you singing before I shut the side gate."

"O, I'm always that way—in the depths or on top of the mountain—hardly ever just calmly contented," said Penelope; "but I'll tell you what is the matter to-day. Fred is going to take me to the social, to-night."

"Coming event casting its shadow before?"

"Yes. It's so seldom Fred goes out with me, in the evening, and when he doesn't I have to stay at home; and I'm so pleased with the prospect of one social evening that I have to sing or do something. Silly, isn't it?"

"No; it's not silly," returned Fanny, quickly. "It just shows how you live—shut up here seven nights out of the seven, while Fred is out every evening, isn't he?"

"Yes," replied Penelope, slowly; and then, anticipating what was to come next, she went on. "But then, you know, I can't blame him for going out alone. He is at the office all day, and when night comes, he likes to run about with his friends."

"And you are in your office all day—your housekeeping, marketing, and receiving-calls-office, and when night comes, you'd like to run about with your friends, too; wouldn't you?"

"Housekeeping, receiving-calls-office! What a girl you are!"

"I mean you are at work, as well as he. And I mean to say that it is selfish of him to take you out so rarely. I have a brother, and he and I go out together all the time. The idea of my singing like a bird at the bare prospect of an evening with him! Why, it's the rule with me, and not the exception."

"Fred never thinks," pleaded Penelope. "He's so used to running in and out whenever he wants to that he doesn't seem to understand that every one cannot do the same. I wish we did not live in such a lonesome place, so that I might go to prayer-meetings and the socials alone."

"No need to go alone, when you have a brother," persisted Fanny. "You do dozens of things for him—run errands, embroider his handkerchiefs, sew buttons on his gloves, and so on, and it is no more than right for him to take you to the socials and lectures and concerts."

"I wish he could hear you talking about him. Maybe it would give him some new ideas."

"I wish he could hear me; and he shall, too, one of these days. You are too much in love with that brother of yours to talk to him as you should."

"Well, well; never mind. He intends doing his duty, to-night, at least. What would you wear, Fan, that dark cashmere, or my shot silk?" And Penelope branched into a subject which deserves perhaps just a little less attention than it receives.

When the dinner hour arrived, and no Fred, but little thought was given to the absence. "He will take dinner down town and run up for me at about eight o'clock," mused Penelope. "I'll help Kate wash the china, and put everything in order, and then dress, so that he will not have to wait for me. Fred's always so impatient when any one is late."

The silver mantel-clock was just striking for the half-hour after seven, when Penelope entered the sitting-room. Her black cashmere was afire with knots of scarlet ribbon caught here and there; and the pretty flush in her cheeks—heightened by the whiteness of a neck-ruff—told that an evening at a social was something which promised her a not ordinary pleasure.

"Oh, there he is," she cried suddenly, as the outer door slammed and a quick footstep was heard in the hall. "I'll run up for my hat and be all ready before he can find time to scold."

But when she flew into the room upon her return, with both hands busy among the hat-ribbons beneath her chin, Fred looked a little surprised and half-abashed.

"Why, are you ready, this early?" he said, hastily. "I hurried in, hoping to catch you before you were dressed. I thought you wouldn't care much about going. You see, Bradshaw is giving a little impromptu supper at the Club to-night, and I promised him half an hour ago that I'd come. You don't care much, do you?"

"And we are not going to the social?"

Such a look of grieved, disappointed surprise shot across her features, and the fingers in the bow trembled so, that Fred began to think some defence was necessary.

"It's such a little matter, I didn't think you would mind it, Pen," he said. "When I made the promise, I had forgotten all about the social with you; but,—" he stopped here, for his audience had turned squarely about, and was slowly climbing the stairs leading to its chamber.

"Pshaw! now I guess she's disappointed," mused Fred. "Well, it's only a little matter anyhow, and Pen won't worry about it long." With this bit of self-comfort, he took his hat and proceeded to keep his engagement with Bradshaw.

Perhaps had Fred seen his sister enter her room almost savagely, toss aside hat and cloak and throw herself upon the bed, her face buried in the pillows, he would have been in doubt about this little matter. When an hour passed, and the face was not yet lifted, his doubt would be a little stronger, and perhaps when at last an almost inaudible sobbing ceased, and the face did arise, a glance at its eyes and cheeks would have assured him that that must be quite a grievous "little matter" which should bring about such a startling change.

But Fred saw nothing of this. Bradshaw's supper was a success, and how was he to know from her appearance at the dinner table next day, that all the while he was enjoying it, Penelope was weeping? How was he to know that his life was an essentially and brutally-selfish one in this respect of evening pleasures? How was he to know that his sister's evenings were dull and uneventful as his own were bright, and that with her this little matter of a promised evening's outing was enough to call the roses to her cheeks twelve hours before? How was he to know these things? Can you answer? Are you Fred?—*Church and Home.*

MOLLY CAREW'S COUSIN.

BY M. D. S.

"A blue merino dress, made over from last season, mended gloves, and a felt Derby! How can I go looking so shabby, mother, to the Colonade—to call on 'rich relations,' too?"

And Molly Carew's pretty face put on a scowl that made it almost ugly.

"I thought my Molly was quite satisfied with her winter's outfit," replied Mrs. Carew, pleasantly, "and pleased to wear it, even if it were not so handsome as she might wish, so that dear papa could afford to buy the new overcoat he has so long needed."

The face cleared a little.

"I am real glad papa has his overcoat at last, and truly, mamma, I am contented with my things, only—I don't want to go to that hotel and see cousin Laura dressed so. Why couldn't you go?"

"I could, my dear, only that I think it would be better for you to go, as Laura invited you particularly and as you certainly have no reasonable excuse to offer for non-appearance."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Molly. "I wish it was over."

"What is it that you dread?"

"Oh, everything!" was Molly's vague reply, as she went away to get ready for her visit.

Six years before (as she thought rather bitterly), when she and Laura were children ten years old, both had worn shabby dresses and gloves and hats. If anything, Laura's clothes had been the shabbier of the two outfits!

"Why couldn't papa have gone West, too, and made a fortune?" asked Molly of herself for perhaps the hundredth time since she had heard of her uncle's success.

A vision of her father with his pale, intellectual face and refined ways, casting in his lot with the rough men at the mines rose before Molly and appeared so ludicrous that she laughed aloud.

"No, papa isn't suited to such a way of making money, to be sure. Uncle Phil was never over-particular and I suppose roughing it was just what he liked. But then—I wish ——"

"They were poorer, or we richer," trembled on the young girl's lips but remained unspoken.

"How mean of me to even think such a thing," she soliloquized, as she adjusted her Derby and drew on the neatly-mended kids. "Molly Carew, if you don't mind, you'll break the tenth commandment, and then you'll be sorry."

This with an admonitory nod toward her reflection in the looking-glass.

Then, with a face which had resumed its usual amiable expression, Molly presented herself for her mother's inspection ere she set off.

A loving, motherly "smoothing-down" of the neat dress, followed by a hearty farewell kiss from Mrs. Carew, somehow brought to Molly's mind, more impressively than ever before, the fact that cousin Laura was—motherless. For three years she had been without the love that only mothers give, and Molly, remembering that sad fact, felt more like pitying Laura for her forlornness than envying her for her elegance.

"Persuade Laura, if you can, to come home with you. Tell her that we should be more than pleased to have both Uncle Philip and her dear self remain with us during their stay in Philadelphia," were Mrs. Carew's parting words.

The love of grandeur was innate with Molly Carew, and quite grand she felt as she entered the hotel by the ladies' entrance, and, under the guidance of a waiter (who was careful to put on extra airs for the bewilderment of "little miss"), sought her cousin's apartments.

Laura was expecting her, for she opened the door almost before Molly had done rapping, exclaiming:

"O Molly! I thought you were never coming! What kept you?"

Of course it was inadmissible to tell Laura the foolish reason of her delay—the reluctance to appear in anything less than silk before the daughter of a California millionnaire; so Molly held her peace, returning Laura's caresses a little awkwardly, it must be confessed, in her first surprise at finding her cousin quite unchanged by prosperity.

"I do believe you are the same old Laura," she burst forth at last. "Only older and taller, the same as myself."

"Why, of course I am, you dear old thing!" exclaimed Laura, giving Molly another squeeze. "Why shouldn't I be?"

"Oh, but you are so rich you know—now," said blunt Molly. "I was thinking you'd be"—"stiff, stuck-up," said Laura, as Molly hesitated.

"Not that exactly; but your dress—I thought," stammered Molly, and stopped again.

"I have never laid aside my mourning," said Laura, her face clouding for a moment. "You see, I never want to forget mamma; the black dress reminds me of her, and somehow I feel that as I am the only one to wear it for her sake, I ought to wear it longer than common. Besides," continued Laura, presently, "I've seen so much vulgar display among the mushroom aristocracy of which papa and I are one, I suppose that I have grown to hate anything even remotely bordering upon it."

Before Laura's friendliness Molly's constraint vanished and the two young girls were soon relating their mutual experiences in the most sociable manner possible.

Presently Molly delivered her mother's message with a heartiness she had not thought to infuse into it when it was first given into her keeping.

Instantly, and for the first time since their meeting, Laura's manner changed. She hesitated a moment, then said, with a brusqueness that drove Molly back upon the old opinion, that "pride and wealth must go together."

"It is impossible! Thank your mother, but it is impossible."

"But why, Laura?" asked Molly, adding with a shade of reproach, "You used to love to be at our house."

"And I should now. It is the dearest place on earth to me," Laura exclaimed with vehemence, "Only—don't ask me why; but it is impossible for me or papa to come there to stay. We start for the South, day after to-morrow, as you know," she concluded, evidently repressing emotion. "It would scarcely be worth while to change our quarters for so short a time."

"Oh, why cannot you stay longer in Philadelphia?" queried Molly. "You have not been here for so long, and it is your native city. Why not postpone your visit to the South?"

A conclusive clasping of the hands preceded Laura's answer, the same answer she had made before: "It is impossible."

"But you will call?" persisted Molly.

"Papa cannot, and I like to be here. He likes me to be here when he comes," faltered Laura.

Then, assuming some of her former animation, Molly's cousin attempted to take up the conversation just where it had dropped when Molly had proffered her mother's invitation. But talk dragged, nor would it be made lively in spite of Laura's efforts.

"See here!" she said, springing up at last and unlocking her Saratoga. "I almost forgot, Molly. I knew you used to like curiosities, and so I brought you some."

Molly's delight shone in her eyes as she saw the bits of curious minerals, the specimens of fossilized leaves and insects, the many unique odds and ends that Laura displayed.

"They are all for you, dear," said Laura, as she lifted the box in which they were packed out of the trunk. "And please tell Aunt May I sent her this with my best love, and this for Uncle Will," as she laid across Molly's right arm a handsome shawl, and in the other hand an elegant carved cane.

As Molly would have expressed her thanks, Laura stopped her, saying:

"It is enough that you are pleased with the things. I hoped that you would be. All I ask is that you may remember the giver."

"Be sure of that," answered Molly, warmly. Even while she spoke a groan, which evidently proceeded from the adjoining apartment, reached their ears. A look of dismay overspread Laura's features at the sound, and, as the groan was repeated she looked absolutely terrified.

"What is it? Oh, what is it?" asked Molly in much trepidation.

"Never mind what it is," said Laura, almost fiercely. "You had better go now," she added hastily. "I have an engagement which must be attended to at this hour." So saying, Laura fairly hustled Molly out of the room, and closed the door upon her.

As quickly as possible Molly made her way to the street. How she reached home she never could tell, only that she knew that she ran all the way, quite regardless of appearances, and burst in upon her mother in a perfect panic. While she was in the midst of her recital of the afternoon's experiences her father arrived.

Mr. and Mrs. Carew exchanged glances as their daughter concluded her narration.

"You must go at once," was in Mrs. Carew's eyes.

"It is as I feared," was in her husband's.

"Then, while Mr. Carew went hastily away to the hotel from which Molly had fled an hour before, Mrs. Carew drew her young daughter to her side and told her what the

trouble was which kept Laura secluded from her friends and made her shun their confidence.

"Gladly indeed, my dear, would your cousin resign all her wealth, could she by so doing bring back two lost treasures—a mother's love, and a father's honor. Your Uncle Philip has purchased his millions dearly, for in gaining them he has contracted a habit from which he strives in vain to break away, and to which his health has completely succumbed. You can surmise what dreadful habit that is when I tell you that the groans you heard this afternoon proceeded from a victim of mania-a-potu."

Molly drew back in horror even while a great pity for Laura swelled up in her breast.

"Uncle Phil a drunkard? How dreadful! What will cousin Laura do?"

Late that night Mr. Carew returned to his home, bearing with him the presents which Molly had forgotten and which Laura had insisted upon sending. Uncle Philip was better and profuse in promises of reformation, but Mr. Carew had in vain besought him either to leave his daughter in Philadelphia, or to remain himself.

"Where I go, she must go," said the father. "For her sake, I'll try to be a better man, William."

Mr. Carew had already had experience of his brother-in-law's stubborn selfishness and knew that it was quite useless to plead for his only sister's only child. He knew, moreover, how prone Philip was to trust himself, nor look above for help. So, with sinking heart, he heard the rich man's promises.

To the South went Laura and her father—further and further away from old friends and associations. "Promises made but never kept," did Philip's promises turn out to be, and a year later he was laid in a drunkard's grave.

Laura was free then to return to the Carews, her only relations. She did so, with shattered health and nerves.

And Molly Carew, setting her cousin's wealth in the balance against her own health and unbroken home and freedom from sorrow's shadow, weighed it well and found it "wanting."—*Episcopal Recorder.*

"SO MANY CALLS."

Largely Thou givest, gracious Lord!
Largely Thy gifts should be restored,
Freely Thou givest; and Thy word
Is—"Freely Give."
He only who forgets to hoard,
Has learned to live.

It was a brisk, clear evening in the latter part of December, when Mr. A—— returned from his counting-house to the comforts of a bright coal fire and warm arm-chair, in his parlor at home. He changed his heavy boots for slippers, drew around him the folds of his evening gown, and then, lounging back in the chair, looked up to the ceiling and about with an air of satisfaction. Still there was a cloud on his brow; what could be the matter with Mr. A——? To tell the truth, he had that afternoon, in his counting-room, received the agent of one of the principal religious charities of the day, and had been warmly urged to double his last year's subscription; and the urging had been pressed by statements and arguments to which he did not know well how to reply. "People think," soliloquized he to himself, "that I am made of money, I believe. This is the fourth object this year for which I have been requested to double my subscription; and this year has been one of heavy family expenses, building and fitting up this house, carpets, curtains—no end to the new things to be bought. I do not see, really, how I am to give a penny more in charity. Then, there are the bills for the boys and girls; they all say they must have twice as much now as before we came to this house;—wonder if I did right in building it?" And Mr. A—— glanced unceasingly up and down the ceiling, and around on the costly furniture, and looked into the fire in silence. He was tired, harassed, and sleepy; his head began to swim, and his eyes closed. He was asleep.

In his sleep he thought he heard a tap at the door; and there stood a plain poor-looking man, who in a voice singularly low and sweet, asked for a few moments' conversation with him. Mr. A—— asked him into the parlor, and drew him a chair near the fire. The stranger looked attentively around, and then turning to Mr. A—— presented him with a paper. "It is your last year's subscription to missions," said he, "you know all the wants of that cause which can be told you; I came to see if you had anything more to add to it." This was said in the same low and quiet voice as before; but for some reason, unaccountable to himself, Mr. A—— was more embarrassed by the plain, poor, unpretending man, than he had been in the presence of any one before. He was for some moments silent before he could reply at all, and then in a hurried and embarrassed manner he began the same excuses which had appeared so satisfactory to him the afternoon before—the hardness of the times, the difficulty of collecting money, family expenses, &c.

The stranger quietly surveyed the spacious apartment, with its many elegancies and luxuries, and, without any comment, took from the merchant the paper he had given, but immediately presented in its place the subscription to the Bible Society; and, in a few clear and forcible words, reminded him of its well-known claims, and again requested him to add something to his donation.

Mr. A—— became impatient. "Have I not said," he replied, "that I can do nothing more for any charity than I did last year? There seems to be no end to the calls these days. At first there were only three or four objects presented, and the sums required moderate; now the objects increase every day, and call upon us for money; and all, after we have given once, want us to double, and treble, and quadruple our subscriptions. There is no end to the thing. We may as well stop in one place as another."

The stranger took back the paper, rose and, fixing his eye on his companion, said, in a voice that thrilled to his soul: "One year ago, to-night, you thought that your daughter was dying; you could not rest for agony; upon whom did you call that night?"

The merchant started, and looked up; there seemed a change to have passed over the whole form of his visitor, whose eye was fixed on him with a calm, intense, penetrating expression that subdued him; he drew back, covered his face, and made no reply.

"Five years ago," said the stranger, "when you lay at the brink of the grave, and thought that if you died then you would leave a family unprovided for, do you remember how you prayed? Who saved you then?"

The stranger paused for an answer, but there was a dead silence. The merchant only bent forward as one entirely overcome, and rested his head on the seat before him.

The stranger drew yet nearer, and said, in a still lower and more impressive tone, "Do you remember, fifteen years since, that time when you felt yourself so lost, so helpless, so hopeless; when you spent day and night in prayer; when you thought you would give the world for one hour's assurance that your sins were forgiven you? Who listened to you then?"

"It was my God and Saviour," said the merchant, with a sudden burst of remorseful feeling: "Oh, yes, it was He!"

"And has He ever complained of being called on too often?" enquired the stranger, in a voice of reproachful sweetness. "Say," added he, "are you willing to begin this night and ask no more of Him, if He from this night will ask no more from you?"

"Oh, never, never, never!" said the merchant, throwing himself at his feet; but, as he spake these words, the figure seemed to vanish, and he awoke with his whole soul stirred within. "O God and Saviour! what have I been doing! he exclaimed. "Take all—take everything! What is all that I have, to what Thou hast done for me?"—*Episcopal Recorder.*

IT WAS TOO LATE.

BY DR. PLUMER.

The steamboat was advertised to leave the wharf at 6.30. Every officer and every hand was at his post. Carriage after carriage arrived. The saloon was soon filled. Some sought the cabin. The deck was half covered. The appointed hour was fully come. The signal was given. The line was loosed. Soon we were moving. We were going a hundred and fifty miles. The occasion was important and interesting. We had not gone ten rods when a man past middle life was seen making great haste and beckoning to stop the boat. That could not now be done. Away we went, leaving our worthy friend out of breath, as he was out of time, and perhaps a little out of temper, at least with himself. But all that availed nothing. Perhaps he resolved to be more punctual next time. But that did not stop the boat. Some smiled, because they knew his tardy habits. Some pitied him, and he was greatly disappointed. But their sympathy with his sufferings availed nothing. Nor was there any other boat for two days, and by that time there would be no reason for going. For some time he had desired and intended to be one of the company. But he missed his last and only chance. He was not much too late; but he was not on time. It was not his intention to be behind time, but he did not come up to time. Ten minutes earlier, and he would have been with his happy friends. Oh, it was sad. It was wholly unnecessary. His family was mortified to see him coming home with a dejected countenance. Some of them had tried to hasten his departure. They had told him he might be too late, and so he was.

You ask, Who was he? To know that would do you no good. But he was not a bad man, nor was he a mean man, nor did he of purpose miss the boat. Strangely enough, he thought they would not go off without him.

But, reader, are not you like him? Are you not following his example? Are you not acting as he acted? How is it about the affairs of your soul? Have you made peace with God? Are you ready to die? Surely you do not intend to go unprepared into eternity. Surely you do not think it wise to leave the most solemn and weighty concerns to uncertainty and hazard. Surely you do not think God will be mocked. Why will you trifle with things of everlasting moment?—*American Messenger.*

THE CHOICE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE L. SMITH.

In reply to a question like this, "Can't you now believe that Jesus Christ has died for you?" the man answered in substance, "If I knew that I was going to die, I think I could." He was very thoroughly engaged in business, and, as he thought, a business which it would be inconsistent for a Christian to pursue. He was at times serious, apparently very anxious about the welfare of his soul. But he did not then give up his business, and, so far as I know, has not since. He is probably farther from being a Christian to-day than he ever was before.

But what a fearful position this for one to hold—to deliberately choose and follow a business which he believes is antagonistical to Jesus Christ, and which he cannot pursue and at the same time be a Christian. How little appreciation does it show of the worth of the salvation purchased, and how little regard for Him who has given His life to purchase it for us. He came to this world, and lived and suffered and died to secure salvation for the sinner, and then the sinner is unwilling to deny himself even so small a thing as giving up an objectionable business for His sake. Is it not strange? If he knew that he was going to die, and could not receive any more benefit from his business, he thought he would give it up; but so long as he could enjoy it he would retain it.—*American Messenger.*

"JESUS LOVES EVEN ME."

I heard the other day of the singular experience of a very good man in New York. He was looking up some mission-school scholars, and going into the cellar of a tenement-house in the lower part of the city, discovered a rather peculiar family group. The father was a Chinaman, and had his idol Joss; the mother was a Roman Catholic, and had an image of the Virgin Mary; the little child, his scholar, sat on the floor, singing,

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

He said that he could not help praying in his heart that that Christian child might be the means of converting his idolatrous father and his mistaken mother. By the blessing of God it may be so.

It struck me also as a forcible illustration of the importance of having the great practical truths of the Christian religion put in easy words and set to pretty and attractive music. "Jesus loves even me" is one of the most precious and comforting truths contained in the Bible, and we all know the importance of having jewels placed in a setting worthy of them.—*American Messenger.*

How the Angels must smile when they see a man whom God has greatly prospered carefully take a hundred dollars out of a hundred thousand that he has laid away, and hear him say, to himself, with a chuckle of self-complacency: "Yet, we are only stewards; we must deal generously by these good causes; I will give that to the Lord." A pauper giving crumbs in charity to the King on whom he depends for daily bread! But, then, there are some who do not give even the crumbs.—*Congregationalist.*

Question Corner.—No. 10.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed Editor Northern Messenger. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

109. What was the first money transaction we read of in the Bible?
110. Where is Mount Carmel?
111. What kings of Israel were contemporary with Asa, king of Judah?
112. What king was reigning when the Israelites were carried captive into Babylon?
113. Our Saviour bade his disciples shake the dust off their feet against those cities which refused to receive them. Where did they do this?
114. On what four occasions were savage beasts employed as instruments of God's anger?
115. Where is the injunction, "My son, if sinners entice thee consent thou not"?
116. By whom was an axe made to swim?
117. How long was Solomon's temple in building?
118. At what place was the ark of the covenant taken by the Philistines?
119. Who was the last king of all Israel?
120. Of whom and by whom was it said, "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided"?

SCRIPTURE ANAGRAM.

Six letters in one name appear,
As in the sequel will be clear!
And numbered thus in order due,
May be discovered by this clue:—

You find in six, five, one, two, three,
One hung on his own gallows-tree.
Three, four, five, six, his name compose,
From whom man's second lineage flows.

In six, two, one, his son you find,
The least beloved of all his kind.
In one, two, three, you clearly trace,
The name of our degenerate race.

From one, two, four, and three, you ken,
Of Judah's twos the first of ten.
Three, two, five, one, of Judah's tribes
The least of Caleb's sons describe.

Two old Egyptian cities see,—
This in three, four, and that four, three.
With all the six, describe at length,
The Father of the man of strength.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 8.

85. Babylon, Isaiah xiii. 19.
86. The battle between Barak and Sisera, Judges iv. 12.
87. On Mount Moriah in Jerusalem, 2 Chron. iii. 1.
88. At Jehovah-jireh, on Mount Moriah, Gen. xxii. 14.
89. Solomon's temple.
90. Omri king of Israel, 1 Kings xvi.
91. Upon Mount Gilboa, 1 Sam. i. 6.
92. By Jacob when he had his dream there, Gen. xxviii. 19.
93. Nathanael, John i. 47.
94. At Lystra, Acts xiv. 19.
95. In Athens, Acts xvii. 22, 23.
96. Job, xvii. 9.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

The stone which slew Goliath.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 7.—Harry E. Gowen, 12 en; Jacob Pyke, 7; Sarah Shepperson, 5; Fred. N. Weyant, 4; Robert T. Cockburn, 8; William C. Wickham, 10; Rebecca E. Munroe, 7; Cora May McIntire, 11; Agnes McNaughton, 4; Edwin Brooks, 8; Jennie M. A. Collver, 12; Allie Dale, 11; C. A. Redmond, 12; Maggie Sutherland, 11; M. J. Fiddis, 9; Archie McDonald, 4; Abigail Sutherland, 10.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

From the International Lessons for 1880, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday School Union.

LESSON VIII.

MAY 23.]

THE JUDGMENT.

Matt. 25:31-46.

[About A. D. 30.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 31-34.

31. When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:

32. And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats:

33. And he shall set the sheep on the right hand, but the goats on the left.

34. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come ye, blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

35. For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

36. Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

37. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

38. When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?

39. Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

40. And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

41. Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.

42. For I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:

43. I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

44. Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

45. Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.

46. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.—Matt. 25:46.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

We should act in view of eternity.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE SEPARATION. (II.) ON THE RIGHT HAND. (III.) ON THE LEFT HAND.

I. THE SEPARATION.—(31-33.) SON OF MAN, Jesus is to be our judge (Acts 17:31); HIS GLORY, not in obscurity, as at first; HOLY ANGELS WITH HIM, "to call the court (1 Thess. 4:16); to gather the elect (ch. 24:31); to bundle the tares (ch. 13:49); to be witnesses of the saints' glory (Luke 12:8), and of sinners' misery (Rev. 14:10)"—*Henry*; SIT, mediatorial work ended; THRONE, "of his final eternal kingdom;" BEFORE HIM (Rom. 14:10; 2 Cor. 5:10); ALL NATIONS (Phil. 2:9-11; Rev. 20:13); SEPARATE, prior to the final judgment (ch. 13:41); SHEEP... GOATS, fit images for the righteous and the wicked; RIGHT HAND, place of honor; LEFT HAND, the opposite.

II. ON THE RIGHT HAND.—(34-40.) THE KING, of kings, possessing all power and authority; COME, what a welcome! YE BLESSED (Ps. 115:15); PREPARED FOR YOU (John 14:2, 3; 2 Cor. 5:1; 1 Pet. 1:4; 1 Cor. 2:9; Heb. 11:16); YE GAVE... TOOK... CLOTHED... VISITED... CAME, good works do not entitle us to the kingdom, but testify to our interest in its growth and success. Whatever we do not saved by the deeds of the body, "there will be more stress laid upon them in the judgment of the great day than is commonly imagined."—*Henry*. LORD, WHEN, the truly righteous are not apt to glory in their acts of self-denial; THE LEAST, poor, unknown, oppressed saints of Christ's true representatives; MY BRETHREN (ch. 10:40-42), Christ identifies himself with the humblest acts of charity and is more among us than we imagine.

III. ON THE LEFT HAND.—(41-46). DEPART FROM ME, here they drove the King away, there they will be cast out; now they are invited to come, then they will be commanded to depart; YE CURSED, go not with a blessing, but the curse of the King; EVERLASTING FIRE (see ver. 30); whatever the punishment will be, it will be as severe as the pain and anguish of fire on the body, eternal in its duration; PREPARED FOR THE DEVIL AND HIS ANGELS, not for the condemned; a kingdom was prepared for them, but choosing the devil's service, now they must share his company; YE DID IT NOT, every sin of omission as well as commissions is directly against the King eternal; EVERLASTING.... ETERNAL, both the same word in the original; hence the punishment of the wicked will be as endless as the blessedness of the righteous

LESSON IX.

MAY 30.]

GETHSEMANE.

Matt. 26:36-50.

[About A. D. 30.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 40-44.

36. Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Geth-sem-a-ne, and saith unto the disciples, Sit ye here while I go and pray yonder.

37. And he took with him Pe-ter and the two sons of Zeb-e-dee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy.

38. Then saith he unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me.

39. And he went a little farther, and fell on his face and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt.

40. And he cometh unto the disciples, and findeth them asleep, and saith unto Pe-ter, What could ye not watch with me one hour?

41. Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

42. He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done.

43. And he came and found them asleep again: for their eyes were heavy.

44. And he left them, and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words.

45. Then cometh he to his disciples, and saith unto them, Sleep on now, and take your rest: behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.

46. Rise, let us be going: behold, he is at hand that doth betray me.

47. And while he yet spake, lo, Judas, one of the twelve, came, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and elders of the people.

48. Now he that betrayed him gave them a sign, saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he: hold him fast.

49. And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, Hail, master, and kissed him.

50. And Jesus said unto him, Friend, wherefore art thou come? Then came they, and laid hands on Jesus, and took him.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Not as I will, but as thou wilt.—Matt. 26:39.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Our Saviour was a man of sorrows.

INTRODUCTORY.—The public ministry of Jesus is finished; hence the chapter opens. "When Jesus had finished all these sayings, He said unto his disciples," to prepare them for the closing scenes in his earthly life. Two days yet intervene before the betrayal. A part of this time is spent in Bethany, "in the house of Simon the leper," where the woman anoints his head with precious ointment, which draws from the disciples words of indignation, but which receives Christ's approval. Judas takes occasion to bargain with the chief priests, for 30 pieces of silver, the betrayal of his Master; the Last Supper is instituted, Peter is told of his denial, and the events of our lesson follow.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Remember, the events in this lesson took place not far from midnight on the evening of the day before the crucifixion, and just after the utterance of those beautiful chapters, the 14th, 15th, and 16th of St. John. Read those chapters and the wonderful prayer of the 17th.

NOTES.—GETH-SEM-A-NE, "press of oil," is a garden or yard situated in a level place between the brook Kedron and the base of Mount Olivet. There is at the base of Olivet a secure enclosure, containing several very aged olive trees surrounded by a fence or hedge, which is claimed to be the garden of Gethsemane.—ZEB-E-DEE, a fisherman of Galilee, and father of James and John.—JUDAS, surnamed Iscariot, one of the twelve apostles. In the early part of the evening he had covenanted with the chief priests, for thirty pieces of silver, to betray unto them Jesus. He is conspicuous among the disciples for dark traits of character, and he is one of the chief actors in the events of a very dark history. Filled with remorse at the enormity of his crime, he returns the silver to the priests and hangs himself.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) JESUS' GREAT SORROW. (II.) THE THREE PRAYERS. (III.) THE BETRAYAL.

I. JESUS' GREAT SORROW.—(36-38.) THEN, connect this verse with the 30th; THEM, the disciples; GETHSEMANE, see Notes; SIT YE, spoke to the eleven, Judas not being with them; GO... YONDER, in the dark foliage of the garden alone; HE TOOK, Peter, James, and John, who also witnessed the raising of Jairus' daughter, and also the transfiguration; BEGAN, commencement of the great struggle; VERY HEAVY, depressed, dejected, or dismayed with anguish; "sore amazed" (Mark 14:33); EXCEEDING SORROWFUL, not fear of the cross, but sorrow such as no one else can feel; EVEN UNTO DEATH, an angel came to the rescue, strengthening him. (See Luke 22:43, 44.)

II. THE THREE PRAYERS.—(39-44.) A LITTLE FARTHER, "a stone's cast;" FELL ON HIS FACE, the posture of intense earnestness; MY FATHER, the plea of tender filial love; IF IT BE POSSIBLE, no suffering should be coveted; THIS CUP, not the cross, but the fearful agonies of the garden; "cup" is omitted by the best MSS.; NEVERTHELESS, perfect submission, willingness to meet all necessary suffering, however intense; THE DISCIPLES, the three; ASLEEP, Luke says, "for sorrow;" what must have been the Master's grief? WHAT, not surprise, but gentle rebuke, to remind them and us that the agonies of Jesus were far beyond their power to endure; THE SECOND TIME, no aid or encouragement from the disciples; the Saviour turns again to God: SAYING, substantially the same prayer; ASLEEP AGAIN, and Mark adds, "neither wist they what to answer him.

III. THE BETRAYAL.—(45-50.) SLEEP ON, watching is now needless, or will ye sleep *now*? THE HOUR, of betrayal; BETRAYED, by one of his friends; SINNERS, enemies; JUDAS, ever after an abhorred name; MULTITUDE, Roman soldiers, (John 18:3), captains of the temple (Luke 22:52), chief priests, servants, etc.; I SHALL KISS, usually the signal of friendship and love; FRIEND, rather, companion, associate; WHEREFORE, a question the full import of which Judas well knew; LAID HANDS ON JESUS, bound him; TOOK HIM (see verse 53).

GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.—"The present Garden or Gethsemane is in the shape of an irregular quadrangle, the circuit of which is about seventy paces. It is now enclosed by a hedge, as the pilgrims used to injure the olive trees which it contains. These seven venerable olive trees, with trunks burst from age and shored up with stones, are said to date from the time of Christ. Some of them are certainly of great age and size (nineteen feet in circumference), but we have no mention of old olive trees here before the sixteenth century. It is, moreover, well authenticated that Titus and Hadrian cut down all the trees around Jerusalem, and that the Crusaders found the whole region absolutely destitute of wood. It is, however, possible that these old trees are remote descendants of those which grew here in the time of Christ.'—*Baedeker's Handbook*.

SORROW OF JESUS.
SLEEPING DISCIPLES.
SON OF MAN BETRAYED.

"TO THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION."

Four generations before this present time, a Christian husband and wife agreed to spend one hour of the first Sunday of every month in special prayer for the conversion of their children, one after another, as they should arrive at a sufficient age; and also to plead for spiritual blessing upon their descendants to the remotest generation. These parents began to do this as soon as their first born emerged from childhood, entering into a written covenant with each other, with the understanding that each child, when converted, and his or her companion, if married, should also sign and observe the same covenant. It is a good thing if you make a covenant to have it in writing. Eleven children came into this Christian home, under the sheltering wings of prayer, two of whom died in early childhood, and nine—seven sons and two daughters—lived to a mature age. Eight of these nine children, with their husbands and wives (for they were all married), ultimately united in the same covenant with their parents. The ninth died in early manhood, but not until he had given evidence that he too had become a child of God.

I would like to make a pilgrimage to see this covenant, where God and parents, husbands and wives, had united in covenant together. It would be like the spot where Moses saw the Lord in the burning bush—holy ground. Six of the sons, having been hopefully converted, became honored officers in the Church of Christ, and married eminently Christian wives. The daughters were also converted in early womanhood, married Christian husbands, and trained their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The whole family, sons and daughters, with their husbands and wives, were gathered, by the blessing of a covenant-keeping God, into one common fold. Thus God's mercies covered two generations.

But these covenant blessings did not cease with the second generation. Forty-two grandchildren lived to years of discretion in in the line of these blessed generations. Of these all but one, or possibly two, have been converted, and most of them have reared Christian families. Five of these grandchildren of the original covenant-makers, and one great-grandchild, became ministers of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Three of the grandchildren and one great-grandchildren have been sent out to foreign lands as missionaries to the heathen. The great-grandchildren of this covenanted family are very numerous, and a large number of them are still young in years. They are so widely scattered that they cannot now be readily traced. The older portion of them hold very respectable, and some of them quite conspicuous and useful positions in society. How many of this fourth generation are now Christians cannot be ascertained at this time. But it is not known that a single adult descendant of the original covenanted parents has died without giving comforting evidence of true piety. The aged patriarch who gave me these facts with modest reluctance and deep emotion, is the last survivor of the eleven children of the original pair. What a river of blessing flowing out from a little spring in this Christian family!—*The Christian*.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

A wealthy merchant in one of our cities, an earnest Christian, with a large, happy family, had the great joy of seeing all his children early converted to Christ. A friend said to him one day, "Sir, you seem to have been wonderfully successful in bringing up your children. Few parents of so large a family have the happiness of seeing them all early converted to God. May I ask you, sir, if there is anything peculiar in your method of training?" "You may, sir, certainly; and I reply, that under God I attribute the early conversion of my children to the children's column of a religious newspaper." The religious newspaper is not only a force but one of the mightiest forces in the religious life of to-day. The shrewd Catholic Church understands this. We are all sometimes surprised at the devout loyalty of the Catholic masses to their church. . . .

"I suppose some Christian families feel that the price of a good religious paper is more than they are able to pay. But the value of such a paper when taken and read is above all price in money. The cost at the most is only six pennies a week. There are many mothers who so prize the assistance of such a paper in the education of their families that they would sooner wear one hat less a year, than dispense with their paper. There are fathers who would buy a coat cheaper by the cost of the paper rather than be deprived of its blessing. So deeply do I feel the need of such a paper as an educating force in my own life and home, that I count it not at all among the luxuries but necessities of my table. And I am sure that where it is taken and read, and not laid upon the shelf to stay there, it will be an invaluable educator of both the home and the church into that life which we live by the faith of the Son of God."—*The Rev C. Towle, in Christian Intelligencer*.

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